

TOIKE OIKE



University
Archives

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY

VOL. XLI, NO. 5

TOIKE OIKE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1949

Communists Schmommunists



—Toronto Star Photo.

The Pride of City Hall sidles idly up to high wide idol. Maybe if the hide were dried and fried and tied to the side of a bride in full stride at low tide . . . oh, idol want her, you can have her, she's too tall for Balfour.

THE ENGINEERING INSTITUTE OF CANADA

Each year the Toronto Branch of the E.I.C. sponsors a Students' Night for the Undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. This is a meeting at which the students present technical papers in competition for cash prizes.

If you feel that you would like to get a little practice in public speaking, with a chance to win a fifty, thirty or twenty dollar prize, prepare now for the competitions which will be early in February.

Engineers to Aid Fund For Sick Children's Hospital

'Pass the Bucket to Keep a Kid from Kicking the Bucket'

An urgent appeal is made to all to donate to the Hospital for Sick Children Fund. The present hospital is hopelessly overcrowded, and many of the young fry are unable to get urgently needed treatment because of the lack of facilities. You can help some unfortunate young tot to a better and healthier future by contributing to this worthy cause.

The Hospital serves children of the province regardless of circumstances, race, creed or color. Its motto, "Where no child knocks in vain," is honored to the utmost. In 74 years of service no child has been refused emergency treatment. Room is found for every case where treatment is urgent, some from distant parts of Canada and beyond. This has become more difficult with years, and the only solution possible is to expand its facilities by the erection of a new, modern and larger building. This necessitates the expenditure of large sums of money, which must be raised by public donations. Although the hospital has benefited from many generous endowments, these funds can be used for treatment of patients only and cannot be used for construction purposes.

Skule is sponsoring its own small benefit fund, next week, to which all members of the Faculty are requested to contribute. Buckets will be placed at convenient points through the buildings into which you can deposit your contributions. All contributions, whether a million or a mite will be deeply appreciated.

Well-Balanced Fruit Leads to Full Life

A good education should be pear-shaped. It is well rounded, but pointed in one direction.

In the laboratories and lecture rooms of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering, we obtain that formal training which aims our education in some particular direction. In this world of increasing specialization it is very important that this phase of our knowledge not be neglected; if we are to become capable broad-winders of the future.

But what of the roundness of the pear? Are we to be part of a society consisting of colourless individuals, with noses blunted from too close application to the grindstone? Are we to be technical automatons without knowledge of how to live or how to enjoy life?

For some—yes. For others the answer is found in Tennyson's Ulysses, when he said,

"I am a part of all that I have met".

Those things which we meet form our extra-curricular lives. They may be the literature we read, the full sessions we attend, the weekly bridge club, the L.G.M.B., the athletics, hobbies, or any number of thousands of avocations.

This is the argument for a strong Skule Spirit. With it we learn co-

Cast Leads Idol Life

At 3 a.m. on the morning of Friday, December 2nd, two incubators were sent to leave Bowle's Lunch at Bay and Queen, pause in front of the City Hall then run screaming along Queen East. Upon investigating the incident a Star reporter found a huge grotesque 6-armed Buddha squatting on the City Hall steps.

An inscription carved on its stony chest proclaimed that the idol was a "Gift to Controller Balfour from Connie Smythe." Smythe denied all knowledge of the monster, although he was said to be secretly negotiating with Balfour to place the carved "Krishna" under contract as a Maple Leaf goal. However, when he saw the size of "Krishna's tummy, he threw up his hands and rushed Broda back to the Steam Baths.

With election time coming up, Dave was quite happy to have 6 extra hands to shake votes out of the electors. Babies might even prefer kissing "Krishna" to Dave.

In case you were too busy writing Lab. reports last Friday, the idol was the one from Skule Nite's jungle scene. After giving it away as a spot dance prize (Bill Morash won it, but

Professor Zimmer Dies After 40 Years Service

Albert Russell Zimmer, Professor of Electrical Engineering in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto, passed away on November 11th, 1949, at the age of 61.

Born at Cranbrook, Ontario, in 1888, Professor Zimmer obtained his early education in the public schools of Cranbrook and Brussels, Ontario. He entered the School of Practical Science in 1903 as a freshman in the course in Electrical Engineering. In 1907 he was awarded the diploma of the School of Practical Science, and in 1909, the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science. Joining the staff of the Electrical Engineering Department in the autumn of the same year as demonstrator, his connection with the staff remained unbroken from that time until his death. He was promoted in succession to lecturer in 1913, assistant professor in 1921, associate professor in

1923, and professor in 1940. During the session 1946-1947 he served as acting head of the department. In 1916 he married Olef May Woodcroft who survives him, as do a son, Paul, and a daughter, Mary.

Professor Zimmer was an active member of the Toronto Section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, attending its meetings, with marked faithfulness and serving on its various committees as well as acting as section chairman during the session 1946-47. He was member of the Ruskin Literary and Debating Society and was active in the High Park branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. His activity in the latter organization was characterized by an intense interest in the development of responsibility and good citizenship among the youth of the community. For many years he was a member of Wesley Methodist Church, where he led a men's group that grew under his leadership until its membership exceeded 150. He later transferred to High Park United Church; and, serving as elder and in other capacities, he was admired and held in high esteem by all his associates.

Throughout his academic career Professor Zimmer enjoyed the reputation of being a good teacher. His students attest to his unusual gift of clear and logical exposition. He spared no effort to assist them collectively and individually, and his office was always a place where they were assured of a sympathetic and kindly willingness to help them in their difficulties. As a member of the Faculty Council for 28 years and of the University Senate for 10 years, and as an active and conscientious worker on committees of both bodies, his judgment was respected and his opinion valued.

Above all, Professor Zimmer will be remembered as one who was deeply concerned about the development of manhood in the individual student. He was beloved for his kindly interest in the welfare and progress of students and colleagues alike. Devotedly loyal to the Faculty of Applied Science, he was constant in his desire that its affairs be conducted with propriety and dignity. He was ever an advocate of the moral obligation that rests upon every member of a great professional group to place excellence above quantitative considerations, loyalty above individual aspirations, and service above personal gain.

The members of the Council of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering wish to express their deep sense of loss in the death of Professor Zimmer and to extend to his widow and family their sincerest sympathies.

It is in line with their policy of bringing outstanding speakers to Toronto, that the undergraduate society of the School of Architecture presents this outstanding man of our time. A Wichita housewife entering his Dymaxion House for the first time said that it was like walking for the first time into the Twentieth Century.

So, for the most stimulating evening of this year, see and hear dynamic Buckminster Fuller at Convocation Hall on Thursday, December 15th, at 8:30. Tickets, at 50c, may be purchased from the Engineering Society Stores.

Architectural Genius To Address Gathering

Buckminster Fuller, engineer, architect, mathematician, geographer, to speak here December 15th in Convocation Hall, will show how engineering can solve the problem of maximum use of the potential of our environment for the service of man. His main interest in life is the study of man in relation to his physical environment. He is ready to prove that 90% of the visible tonnage of man's physical world is in the service of only 25% of the world family. Engineering alone, not physical revolution, can arrange the methodical distribution of that tonnage to serve 100% of the world's population.

This amazing man—the man whom Einstein called the only genius he knew—will speak at an illustrated lecture sponsored by The University of Toronto Architectural Society. It is typical of the man that he is interested in architecture because he feels that the number one problem of the world to-day is comprehensive housing. This is the problem of providing high standard production with fractions of the tonnage now used, and adapting the materials to high-velocity processing.

His penchant for doing things in a big way was indicated early in life: he skipped his final examinations at Harvard and was found later in New York

operation and teamwork, how to enjoy ourselves and others, the value of association, and perhaps get an idea of our capabilities.

This year Skule Spirit has risen to a level seldom before reached, and never before surpassed. This is good, but it is also slightly dangerous. As Engineers we must remember the importance of equilibrium and balance.

Those who over-rotate the formal training will end up with their educational pear in the shape of a cold cucumber. Those who think that the three R's are Rah! Rah! Rah! will have a small pumpkin. The most successful and happiest students will be those who manage to match the two halves, and speak forth with a properly proportioned educational pear.

To those Skulemen who have turned out and helped in any way, big or small, all thanks is due. Your reward is the satisfaction of a job well done. An enviable record has been set. Don't mar it by neglecting your studies.

entertaining the entire chorus of a musical comedy on a champagne party. It was while he was being punished for this escapade by being sent to work with a machinery installation firm in Quebec that he picked up his interest in machinery.

In line with his ideas on housing that everyone could afford and that would be suitable for the dignity of the ordinary man, he worked out the Dymaxion House. This house used materials in an entirely new way; the walls, instead of being piled up as a compression member, are hung from the roof. A central mast supports the aluminum roof and walls of aluminum and plexiglass. The house has two bedrooms, each with private bathroom, a large entry hall and a living-dining room and kitchen. Closet space is lavish throughout and the kitchen is a marvel of efficiency. If you doubt that such a house could be attractive, see Mr. Fuller's illustrations of one of the two houses of this type that have been built. To prove his point that production was the only way to build reasonable-cost housing, he had two units built at Beech Aircraft in Wichita using their existing machine tools and production facilities. When a factory was tooling up for this specific job, they would be turned out like automobiles and only be slightly more expensive than a good car.

Bucky Fuller claims that he has no life apart from his ideas, and these seem to flow on endlessly. He will talk of his new system of mathematics, his theories on the spiral migration of populations in a northward direction, a telephone voting system, or the evaluation of a civilization in terms of the linear total of its curved surfaces. But above all and pervading his thinking at all times is the idea of improving the lot of man by showing him how he can better utilize the resources with which he is surrounded; by simply adapting his technological genius to his own advantage.

The audience at his lecture is sure to be about his latest plan for housing. The geodesic Structure simply sets apart a portion of the earth's surface for a family's use. It is enclosed with a plastic shell and the house sitting on a lawn in the middle has no walls—because it needs no protection from the elements.

TOIKE OIKE

Devoted to the interests of the Undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science
Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto

Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Engineering Society or its officers

EDITORS OF TOIKE OIKE

Editor ... J. J. BRIGHAM
Assistant Editor ... H. I. GROVER
News Editor ... N. A. FORBES
Assistant News Editor ... B. A. WARREN
Sports Editor ... E. H. BENSTEIN
Assistant Sports Editor ... P. J. CHMARA
Photographic Editor ... J. D. KENDALL

Contributors to this Issue

H. DAVIS, R. DRINKWATER, R. McDERMAND, T. STONEHILL, S. CAULEY, R. J. FINGNAPPLE, M. COUSE, K. SAMUELS, QUEEN'S JOURNAL, P. LAPRAIRIE.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1949

Bill Walker

There has been a very heavily felt absence around the Little Red Skulhouse these past few weeks. It has been that of the ever diligent and jovial Bill Walker, our Engineering Society president.

Bill has been, and still is, in Sunnybrook Hospital. Last Saturday he underwent a very serious operation on his spine. A while back he injured his back and spent 4½ months last summer in hospital on this account. Now a generally run-down condition brought on by over-work has made a repeat performance of this operation necessary.

Since Bill has been away the remaining members of the Engineering Society have had to close in their ranks and keep things rolling as best they can. However, due to the fact that Walker has had things so well organized right along, the situation hasn't been as bad as it could have been.

In the meantime we wish him all the best—as best goes when confined to bed—and hope his recovery and return to our hallowed-halls will not be too far in the offing.

Sex

We thought that a serious article in last Friday's *Varsity* made hilarious reading; the article was headed "Dating Not Sex But Just A Game, Says Carpenter".

Prof. Carpenter's thought went something like this: in the typical date, the male moves in with a fluent, fast line of chatter, and the female responds by yielding somewhat to his blandishments. On the dates that follow, the male moves in more and more, the female yields more and more... and there the Professor starts to talk about what *should* happen. He says that all this is just a game of social prestige, and not a matter of sex. At the point where love play begins, says he, the female's yielding changes to rigidity, and she beats her boy friend off.

"Marriage, the ultimate end of dating, is the exception that proves the rule," says Carpenter, "because it must be based on something other than love and sex."

The editors of *Toike Oike* report this incident in a spirit of happy confidence that their readers will chuckle too. Perhaps we have the wrong idea about engineers; but we think that they, like ourselves, are likely to be heartily in favour of marriages based on love and sex.

We also think that engineers will date females for reasons of their own, maintaining a superb indifference to the learned Professor and his thoughts. "Better the racy uncertainty of life," we can hear them say, "than the sober certainty of an iron curtain on every female's collar bone."

Merry Christmas

Another term is almost over and Christmas is rapidly approaching. Have you done your Christmas shopping? (If not, see Al Heisey for magazine subscriptions. PLUG.)

Every year in the last issue before the winter festivities it is the pleasant task of the editor to wish a lot of people the traditional

So to every Skuleman and Skulemaid, the compliments of the season and a big stack of goodies in your stocking.

To Dean Tupper, a glad hand for the job he is doing and an offer to pour him one anytime he so desires.

All the best from all of us to Bill Walker up in Sunnybrook Hospital.

To Jake McCouse and the rest of the Engineering Society who pay our bills with the minimum of quibbling, a large drappee of heather juice.

To Stan Fillmore, Jack Gray and the rest of the Varsity staff, including Bob Dnieper, for it is Christmas, a nice full paper every day of the week.

To Dave Balfour, President Smith, Prime Minister St. Laurent, Premier Frost, Joe Stalin, Tito, Roger J. Fingnapple and all the wide world, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Open Letter to the Varsity

Gentlemen:
We have a bone to pick with one of your writers; we mean the one who wrote the article about Skule Nite's cast party.

We don't mind so much his comment, "There is a story... not very interesting, but here it is: No, we feel about this statement only as a fence might feel if his opponent took a whistling two-handed swipe at him. What we really object to is the way your scribe got his facts twisted."

"Having a great lack of feminine pulchritude", he says, "they (meaning us) were forced to get some women from one of the arts colleges."

Wrong on two counts, we say. First, about "feminine pulchritude": we had enough female engineers to fill all but one of the spots in Skule Nite's chorus line; this hardly seems to qualify as a "great lack." Perhaps, however, we have misunderstood your man. Perhaps he was thinking of "feminine pulchritude" as distinct from "masculine pulchritude"; hm-n-m... let's see, that would mean "masculine feminine beauty"... I say, that does sound ever so racy.

Second, we were certainly not "forced to get some women from one of the arts colleges." No one was shoving us; we thought it would be expedient to import three women for our show, and all three were honourably drawn, not from an arts college, but from the working classes.

Your reporter goes on to say: "... to represent Lady Godiva... they called on Agnes Partnoff." Point one: her name is Partnoff. Point two: there was no Lady Godiva in Skule Nite.

"To Jacqueline LaPrairie," this masterpiece of accuracy runs on, "(were) presented... special balloons. There was in keeping... with the part she had in her stage career... bubble dancer."

The facts are that Jacqueline did not dance at all in the show; she played the part of a stenographer, and her stage name was "Bubbles".

You know, we don't mind the odd snarl & sneer from the North Campus. Actually, we feel that this Engineers-Artsmen controversy adds a lot to the zest of university life; certainly it has produced much that is fine in the literature and culture of our campus—wide any campus show. That's exactly what we had in mind when writing this letter: don't let the standards fall, chaps; keep the flag flying.

No matter what any of us say, the university newspapermen who follow us will almost certainly continue to fight this good old fight; won't you join us in a hope that they do so with a higher degree of journalism and a lower degree of churlishness?

Attention Skuleniters

The following letter from the Comptroller of Hart House was received by the producer of Skule Nite. It is published here for the ease and technicians of the big show.

Dear Mr. Pulford:
I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed the '49 edition of "School Nite", and more particularly the dramatic portion thereof.

There is no doubt in my mind that the whole performance set a new "high" in the long history of this famous occasion.

The basic concept of the show, the rapidity with which the curtain rose on each scene, the acting, the costumes and the lighting were a high tribute to, and indication of, the talent which "School" has in its midst.

My heartiest congratulations to you and all those associated with you for the production of a top-notch show.

Yours sincerely,
W. R. COWAN.

(Ed's Note. The Comptroller has no slight experience on every to base his opinion, having seen every edition of Skule Nite.)

Drought

The shades of night were falling fast When thru a tavern door there passed A youth who bore mid sin and vice A banner with a strange device—
I'm Thirsty!

His tongue hung out, his eye was red, Malloney's echoed to his tread, And like a silver clarion rang The song this hairy Skuleman sang:
I'm Thirsty!

"You have no cash?" the waiter said. "We'll take your unwashed shirt instead."

"Don't waste my time, your duty's clear!" The Skuleman cried. "Bring on the beer!"
I'm Thirsty!

of names and faces by a Member of the Staff

People don't resemble each other much in the reasoning they apply to the same set of facts if the facts are out of the ordinary run. A curious case of opposite conclusions occurred when the story of Kennedy's exploit at the Wurth was made public after the war. The story was a nine days' wonder, but the nine days being long since accomplished, you have probably forgotten it.

Kennedy was a quiet man who got his degree in the 20's and worked at Hydro design here and in the States, and later in Europe. How they thought of him when they needed a man for this job, I don't know. McNaughton knew of him, maybe. Anyway, they brought him back from the Mediterranean campaign to London and gave him the once-over at Whitehall. He spoke German. He knew the whole design of the Wurth; he'd worked on it in Switzerland. And he was a brave man. I don't know how they assess that sort of thing, but they do. So it was settled. They gave him a month or two on dialect, let him study his drawings, put him through the drill for assuming a fake identity, then flew him over the high country about Innsbruck and dropped him off into the winter night.

He deserved his posthumous decoration for he certainly managed to do a lot of no good to the power generating capacity of the Reich. The avenue of escape planned for him must have been pretty tenuous at the best, and he never travelled it. That's about all.

I heard Smithson on the subject after an E.I.C. meeting one night about the time the story came out. He said:

"It must have been a hard thing for Kennedy to bring about the destruction of what he'd helped to build. I remember him in the lab. His work meant a lot to him. He was the type that would figure he had been born and lived his life for his part in the design of a plant like the Wurth, and I wonder if, at the moment he closed the circuit of his fuses, he didn't waver, asking himself if the Wurth wasn't precious to him, the cause in which he'd destroyed it. After all, the man was an engineer."

A day or two later, Brownrigg talked about it. "I knew Kennedy. He did most of the design of the Wurth—spent a good few years on it. It's a tough job they gave him, sending him out on what pretty well amounted to a suicide mission. But then, he'd know better how to place his demolition charges than anyone else they could lay their hands on. Strange experience, that, to blow the hell out of your own work. But I wonder if the destruction wasn't a great compensation to him. That design was a beautiful edifice of science and logic and experience; once it became concrete and steel, don't you suppose that to him it was a dead thing, fixed forever, doomed only to grow out of date and become in time a quaint example of past practice? It may well be old Kennedy exulted as he threw his switch. After all, he was an engineer."

Flies for Breakfast

Comments on the sanity of people who rise from a comfortable sack to venture forth into the dimness of a grey dawn to travel some forty or fifty miles in search of grub to keep body and black soul together have oft been forthcoming from the multitudes who refuse to look into the crystal ball. It has been said that although it is not necessary to be crazy to fly, it actually helps.

In spite of general opinion to the contrary, some fifteen persons, sane and sober, turned out early last Sunday morning to participate in the "Breakfast Flight" organized by the Ajax Flying Club. This group of enthusiastic individuals have read the handwriting on the wall and realized that the aeroplane is here to take a permanent place in the future of transportation for business and pleasure, and that more and more professional men are required to have a knowledge of flying to further their careers in a competitive world.

Although universities throughout

Canada and the United States have seen fit to organize flying clubs as part of their activities, it has been left to a far-sighted group of students of the University of Toronto to organize such a body in spite of the passive resistance of the authorities. It is the ultimate aim of this group to convince the authorities that a flying club can be an asset to the leading University in Canada, and to make it a permanent institution for the benefit of the students yet to come. This club needs the support of all students interested in the furthering of aviation.

Weather postponed the "Breakfast Flight" until Sunday, December 11, when eight aircraft will leave the Toronto Island Airport, fully laden with Varsity members anxious to partake of the companionship of fellow participants and the excellent breakfast to be had in Hamilton, the stopping-off point. Anyone interested should get in touch with one of the executive of the club by consulting the notice board in University College.

The History of Helium The Homeless Hobo

Helium was only a little fellow, in fact, he was the smallest in his family and he was the second smallest body who sat at the Atomic Table. Hydrogen, the smallest one at the table, sat at Helium's left. He made up for his size by being very active, in fact, he really got around and had had connections with some of the better families at the table, although he often was forced to part company after their first reaction. On Helium's other side was Lithium who was also very excitable and could get more violent reaction with water than most people can with stronger liquids. However, in spite of this he was more careful in other ways, and as he was always telling He, did not put all his electrons in one orbit. Lithium also formed many connections but He had always been in the single state, probably because there was no Helium, and he was so inactive and lazy that he had been called the original Atomic bum. He (for that is what most people called him) was a wealthy little fellow with his full complement of electrons and though larger fellows had more, few had as little use for them.

One day He decided to go for a swim in the atmosphere and to look at the cosmos as he lazed about in the sun. Now He was unaware of the bad effects that cosmic rays have on little fellows, and before he knew it he was in an excited state and went into one of the local degenerate distribution functions and in a few microseconds the law of chance had robbed him of two of his electrons. He had always supposed that some trouble might befall him if he entered one of these functions, and now he was positive. He found he had now one electron left and spent it in an absorption spectrum. After he had absorbed as much as he could, he left the spectrum unsteadily in a series of Brownian move-

ments. His progress became more unsteady, and he found himself placed in a cell in "phase space" for the night. When he was finally released from behind the potential barrier, he hurried out of the vicinity. (Sometimes particles in trying to hurry, are hampered by relativity, but He, as mentioned before, had no close relatives.)

As He was in a low energy state he returned to the Atomic Table only to find that there was no place for him. Word had been received of his adventures and He had been charged with misconduct, and the charges proved positively that he was no longer worthy of a place among the stable elements.

Disheartened but repentant he set out to obtain some new electrons and to regain his old status as a stable element. He set out for the store of Mike Rofarad who usually handles such things, but Mike claimed that he hadn't any, and no matter how Helium begged him Mike was positive and finally repelled the poor particle. However, as Helium set off down a meandering path, he overheard some gossip that two electrons had just been discharged in a tube nearby and set out to see if he could take them on. When he arrived at the radio in which the tube was situated, he found there were certain elements that he had not considered. The discharged electrons were far from unhappy and in fact were having a grid time racing about playing ball and especially in sliding into home plate.

After several more attempts to receive electrons failed, He decided that he might better continue in an active state. Since he now was capable of participating in radio activity, he decided to make it his life work, and indeed he did and became quite famous. So much so that he is probably the star on your local Geiger Counter.

SPORT OIKE

BOXLA TEAMS

Water Polo

Fitba Boys

WIN TWO, LOSE XX

Starts Soon

Finish Finely

Kaput, fartig, fini, it all amounts to the same thing no matter what the tongue. We have officially had the course, at least as far as football goes for this year. Thus endeth ye Crusade of 1949 for the allant knights sporting the Blue and Gold to the Mulock Cup finals, for the first time in four years. No matter what the blowhards may say, it has been a good year for both teams. Between them a total of 16 games was played, and the boys came out on top in 10. That's not bad for any league.

It's a hard thing to explain, that final with Vic. True, the team fell apart in the last ten minutes defensively, but the offensive was not halted all afternoon, although no one seemed to remember. Speaking from personal and not too pleasant experience, if a couple of the breaks hadn't gone against us, the score would have been a lot closer. Mind you, the Vic squad was full value for the victory, and sour grape excuses are not in order, but so help me, the score should have been 10-8.

Oh well, what's the use? It was a fairly good game throughout the first three quarters, and the fans certainly didn't lack for thrills. Speaking of fans: have you ever seen an example of solid backing for any team to rival that put on by you guys? Any faculty, college or organization would have to go a helluva long way to match that do. When SPS can supply more characters for a Vic Pep Rally than Vic itself, that's really spirit. And by the way, in case you didn't notice, the sun set in its usual manner that night, in spite of what the Artsmens' Gazette said. Come to think of it, the day was dull and gray anyway, so how the deuce. . . ?

To finish the subject for the season I'd like to say a bit to the players on the squad. It's really been a privilege playing with youse guys, even if most of you are clods, unappreciative of good jokes. Seriously though, for a long time to come, the people around this campus will remember the team for the off-tackle smashes of "Phene Boy" Bob Adare, the very well educated toe and arm of Paul Valenti, the drive and power of "Polinsky" and Ron Brown, the errrunching tackles of Jack Jones, the line power of "Big John" Gordon and not-so-little John Rickaby, "Tiger" Firth at centre and "All-Star" Brent Rowe snagging those deadly pop passes.

It's too bad I can't take a whole page to mention all the boys, because that was a team out there, every game, not a half dozen stars. The rest deserve just as much credit, for they threw the blocks and made the tackles that got the team into the finals; but space is limited. And that is that, sob, sob, sob.

Coach Dave Munro didn't wait very long after his Juniors were eliminated by SMC before announcing plans for 1950. His idea is to make up for the advantage the Artsmen have over Skule in the matter of practice time. Notices will be appearing soon about a football clinic for the first three years. If the general idea of next year's offensive and a few gen pointers can be assimilated now, the squad will be about two weeks ahead next autumn.

In my humble opinion the motto of our dear Alma Mater should be altered to "*velut arbor rache*", *rache* being the German word for revenge, oh sweet ecstasy. In case it has escaped your notice, allow me to elucidate.

St. Mikes knocked the Juniors out of football for the year, so the Seniors promptly finished off the Double Blue, and are in turn clobbered by Vic. The very next day Vic gets pranged at soccer by Jr. Skule, and Trinity takes the measure of the young 'uns in the Cup final. To complete the picture the Jr. Skulemen had helped wreck Trinity's Mulock aspirations previously. All of which amounts to a very vicious circle and doesn't mean much. Just thought I'd mention it.

The only difficulty with all this nonsense seems to be that Skule is in the position of "always the bride, never the bridegroom", if you can see the extended analogy. Skulemen better get cracking and grab a few major cups, instead of always being mere finalists.

Some unperceiving types have been inquiring about this seemingly silly hockey set-up, wherein the teams (3 to 6 anyway) are made up by years and not by ability. I confess the idea didn't appeal to me at first, either, until Gawge Soulis, the grinning Greek wisened me up to its potentialities.

When you consider this type of organization in the light of Poli. Sci.'s delightful long-term equilibrium, it's not too bad at all. You get a bunch of unacquainted skaters in first year, they play together for four years, and by the time they graduate, lo and behold! A well-knit, smooth functioning hockey machine. Sure, some of them who prove to be stars will move up to the first and second teams, but the mass will stay together and really develop.

On top of that, it will now be easier to contact every member of the squad, merely by making an announcement in Eng. & Soc. or Economics lectures, where all the year is assembled. That is, assuming hockey players attend such intellectual gatherings. Now we sit back and watch to see which Skule team takes the Jennings Cup in March.

DIRTY DIGS DEPT. And it came to pass, that after eons of attempting to arouse interest even unto the most excellent Golf School in the marble halls of the Temple of the god Slidrool, that the high priest of golfisme was forced to enlist the aid of the un-believers, to fill the vacancies in the ritual schedule. Yea, even was he forced to descend to the dank depths of U.C. to invite the horn-rims who inhabit the spot to approach and absorb the Word and become worshippers of the divot, after the fashion of Delaat, yea verily and forsooth, tooth.

How, I ask me every other day, can 3,000 odd types like you whip up a show like the LGMB (augmented version of course) and then flop miserably when it comes to supporting something which will really pay off dividends like the Golf School? Mind you, even if you had signed up, cancellation would have been inevitable, for a series of events have rendered the effort impractical. It seems the females of the opposite sex (bless their pointed little . . . ahems) have reserved the Drill Hall for athletics, most likely to loosen up their "moral frigidity". A few chaps will be disappointed, but it just seems that the scheme was "born several years too soon". Some day it will become a campus-wide endeavour, but not right now. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

It's worth a tear in passing, sniffle a little, sigh a little, and remember the second issue of **TOIKE OIKE**—whose article entitled "Indian Want-ed" gave all the reasons why the Skuleboys should have taken the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Championship and hauled the Dafeo Cup over to Skule.

Sure we had a hot bunch of boys, sure we had interested managers, solid coaches, and sufficient time to practise—but all either team could win was one encounter of six.

What was wrong? I'll bite—what was wrong? It certainly was not the lack of balcony or gallery support from the balcony. Even with our helmets on, we could hear the refreshing strains of "smear 'em put the wood to 'em, cream them guys" as only Skule Supporters can scream.

No alibis, but there are no reasons either. The firsts under Johnny Prescott's guidance showed lots of colour if nothing else while Bruce Pilgrim's boys with Tom Armstrong clubbed their opponents into stunned silence but alas alack negative wins.

Next year—the old cry—Prescott Sawyer, McCombe, Mainprize, Pilgrim and Warren will be gone. The gang will have a fresh start and a new team to take to the polished floors at Hart House and build a winning aggregation. "Bonnie Chance". B.W.

Exams aren't the only pleasant new arrivals with the New Year. After the unpleasantness subsidies, for a few months at least, there will be a whole horde of new subjects to talk about. Gone will be the outdoor tilts on the back and front campi, and in their place come an intense series of indoor jousts.

The hockey season is already well under way, and will really be going full blast in January, as the big squads jockey about for play-off spots, those coveted positions which exemplify "the survival of the fittest". So far the teams have not fared too badly, with a win, a tie, a loss. After all, variety is still the spice of what we choose to call life, and you can't win them all, much as we'd like to.

Basketball starts off with a bang early in the term, and rest assured, there are at least two SPS quintets out there with their sights set on nothing less than the Sifton Cup, which hasn't graced the crowded trophy case these two long years.

The minor league teams have the promise of a cup donated by 570 Civils, champs of last year. There is still a chance to enter a class or group team, but it won't last for long, as the skeds have to be made up soon. It's a large league and anyone can run for the marbles, so it should be fun to watch.

Soon, too the familiar cries of "beat 'im to a pulp, Joe, cream him, smear his ugly Arts face over the Great Hall dining table" and so forth will be heard as the clouters of the many weight classes go to work in the Intercollegiate Assaults.

An odd grunt and groan will be in order when the wrestlers (gentlemen types they, not the M.L. Gardens variety) try to apply Coach Sobel's sage advice to the opponent of the moment. With the wide variety of beer-pots around Skule, this meet should be a cinch, by weighty alone.

Then, among the lesser publicized sports, gymnastics and fencing will come to the fore. Jim Dooley swears there are close to a score of ardent Slide-rule slippers up at the gym every day, swinging around on the bars. They'll be heard from in due time as SPS makes its first bid for gymnastics honours in years. "A parry, a thrust, three dozen roses to the widow," said Bob Hope. That's the way it'll be as the epee and sabre stylists go to work on whatever weak opposition they run up against.

Before the year is over and The Big Battle begins, it seems that everyone on the campus will have a full portion of sports, spectator style or participative, and Skule will come out with a goodly proportion of the Trophies awarded and above all the Reed Trophy. Kayn Y'hie Rotzon.

Just because the water polo schedule does not get under way until after Christmas, just because the teams will not be picked until the New Year, just because you cannot swim more than nine strokes means nothing to us.

We want you to turn out to the pool any Monday or Wednesday at 1:00 p.m. for supervised instruction, but most of all we just want you to get into that pool for a few minutes as often as you can. Toss that ball around, try treadin' water for a while, or try stopping a few—who knows, you may be a goaltender. Get into that puddle and get a little conditioning.

But you say "It's a tough game." So what. Six guys on the thirds last year had twenty minutes of artificial respiration after the first game. There are only four periods of five minutes apiece—a piece of pie—cake that is.

Howsoever, we want a fighting bunch of boys who will go and avenge the defeat the firsts suffered at the hands of the artsmen in the finals last year.

Although most of the sparks from last year's first team picked up degrees last spring, there are a few stalwarts around in the persons of Chris Arnold, Ed LaFontaine, Walt Wigle, Paul LaPrairie, Don Struthers, and Bob Hayman, mentioning a few, to carry on the glib, glib, spat sport and drown a few of the art's types in grand style.

Watch the notice board for announcements and get in the swim. There are Points Playing Polo, Swim for Skule!

The Soccer season has drawn to a close, the Trinity entry emerged victorious, and the valiant Skulemen have again downed the bitter dregs of defeat. With this sad epitaph, shed a few tears for the members of the soccer teams, who through their hard playing and keen sportsmanship remained unto the last, contenders for the title. Let not these sad words lead you astray—they will be back, undaunted and unafraid, to face the odds and lead the way as they have always done in the past.

Senior Skule Soccerites were ousted from the finals by Senior Vic on the Trinity field, by a score of 2 to 1. Laurels must given to the Senior Skule team, at least to the nine who played the entire game. Unfortunately, and we are ashamed to mention this publicly, two persons on the team failed to show up for the game, and, as a result nine stalwarts were forced to carry the load. They were outnumbered, 11 to 9, but played the game to the end.

Junior Skule, winners in their group met Senior Vic in the Semi Finals. The game was played on a muddy field, the score ending in a 1-all tie necessitating a replay. In the ensuing game, Skule came out on top with a 2-1 score and the berth in the finals against Trinity "A's".

The final was played in the Varsity Stadium, Trinity on the long end of a 3-0 score, in a bright and hard fought game. Both teams started out strong, but the pace told the tale. Junior Skule, who were had to play 3 games in 4 days, felt the pressure and were forced to relent. Bouquets to Jessop, Lee and Atucha, who played a fine game. Dos Santos, Vic Franco, Willy Clark played a stalwart game all season. The loss of one of the stars, Tommy Andreson, who was out with a bad ankle was keenly felt. That's it for this year! P.X.C.

Two teams from the Little Red Skule House participated in the Intercollegiate swimming in this field, the Engineers were outstanding, both teams being undefeated during the entire schedule.

In the semi-finals, Senior Skule eliminated Junior Skule by one lonely lucky point. The members of both teams can view with pride the impressive record that they have set. The "spitter-blue" boys showed they had it in them, and given a chance, really showed others how it could be done.

In the finals, Senior Skule defeated the University College with plenty to spare, and in accordance with the ruling, this makes the Juniors the second place team. At last notice, however, the Intercollegiate office is investigating the use of an ineligible player by the Skule entry. P.X.C.



Though they lost in the Arts Faculty Cup final to what has been termed "the finest soccer eleven ever seen on this campus", the Junior SPS team made no mistake when they took on Vic in a replay of the tie playoff. The above shot was taken a few seconds before the winning goal was scored and gives a small indication as to the location of most of the play in the game.

Mary swallowed her little watch,
Now the watch is gone,
When Mary walks along the street,
TIME MARCHES ON!

Fanfare, and remember, win lose or draw, Skulemen always have a Merry Christmas. Also a Happy New Year, with lots to look forward to in the early part of the new year. Don't change the system now, eh, kiddies?

Shakespeare On Skulemen

"He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts..."

As You Like It: IV, 1
"...now our observation is performed."
A Midsummer Night's Dream: IV, 1
"...I will delve one yard below their mines."

Hamlet: III, 4

"He thinks too much..."

Julius Caesar: I, 2

"...I can do strange things."

As You Like It: V, 2
"...when we mean to build, we first survey the plot, then draw the model!"

King Henry IV, Part II: I, 3

"An earthly paragon."

Cymbeline: III, 6

"...tutored in the rudiments of many disparate studies..."

As You Like It: V, 4

"We shall not spend a large expense of time."

Macbeth: V, 8

"...thousands of these logs..."

The Tempest: III, 1

"...I am slow of study."

A Midsummer Night Dream: I, 2

Applied Science

"My daughter", and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
At what time did that Skuleman leave
Who called on you last night?"
"His probs were pressing, Father dear,
And his love (?) for them was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."
Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eyes,
And her dimple deeper grew.
"Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

"There are four requisites to a good short story," explained the English teacher, "brevity, a reference to religion, association with royalty, and an illustration of modesty. Now I will give you thirty minutes to write a short story, remembering what I have told you."

After ten minutes Sandy said he was finished and was told to read it to the class. Sandy read: "My Gawd," said the Countess, take your hand off my knee."

AL HEISEY, HUDSON 0358, is the man to see for magazine subscriptions of any sort.

Wanted

Graduate Mechanical Engineer or technical school equivalent. Apply in person to Marmaduke Zzyback, Room 74, Victoria College.

Wanted

Young Aeronautical Engineer with 24 years experience for janitor work in boiler room of Mechanical Building.

Has an architect with a paunch a Gothic Bay Window?
Has an aero engineer with a paunch a gastrodome?

"Godiva Was a Lady..."



The grand and glorious Lady Godiva Memorial Band takes to the field at half-time of the Mulock Cup Finals to compete with the Scarlet and Gold Imitation from Victoria College. 2143 loyal Skulemen joined in the playing of old martial airs, bringing tears to the eyes of the listeners.

This Slide Rule For Hire!

Yea, and the quiet of the Hall of Judgment was as that of Toronto on a Sunday, and he that represented the Crown laid his hair aside upon the bench, and spake, saying,

"O thou miserable Defendant, who sitteth before this court, (who standeth not, since thy bending moment is so small) with these heinous crimes art thou accused..."

(1) That thou dost not pay thy debts..." And the Defendant cried aloud, saying, "Yea, low indeed is my coefficient of restitution."

"And further," pursued the Crown, "Item (2): that thou produceth sub-standard slide rule work, that thou hast produced both a fountain pen and a can opener that do work, and which do not fail, and hast thereby thrown many men into the ranks of unemployed, and hast precipitated a great depression. Further, thou wert about to produce a low priced

car..."

Then did the Counsel for the Defense, he who wore the Bulldog Shoes, interrupt, crying "In sooth, though this be true, yet do we hold that the Defendant had been drinking fruit juice at the time, and was eccentrically loaded. Yea, and this is legal excuse; as precedent I cite the case of the Spanish engineer, Senor M. Cordova y Spaget y Mittemeballs, who was arrested even while driving in his expensive car pursuing his hobby of wolfing, and was called a Manuel of Machine Design."

(Voice from the cheap seats: "Didst thou enlist? Nay, even as beer, thou hadst to be drafted.")

"Struth," cried Sheikh Hassan ben Sober Ah ben Drenkin, pressing his heavy Bulldog Shoes firmly but gently into the twitching face of the speaker, "my client hath perchance a low self-inducement; and mayhap he getteth juggled over-swiftly, for he hath also very little internal resistance, yet is he a fine, true engineer."

"In a tavern, doth he not eat one peanut, one raisin, one peanut and one raisin, in deference to the alternating current?"

"Doth he not, when fully saturated, exhibit a characteristic curve?"

"Pun My Word

The fat lady waddled down the street, pads of flesh a-strainin' at her corset, the gussets a-poppin', the stays a-grooin'. The engineer turned to his companion, And he quoted: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may."

Easy Marks?

Capitalists of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your shackles.

For that perfect Christmas present, see AL HEISEY, HUDSON 0358, for Magazine Subscriptions.

"Milords of the Panel of Judgment, my client hath had a hard life yea, his Brinzel number doth extend even unto four places of decimals."

"He hath endeavoured to work even in a sieve factory, yet was he not able to stand the strain."

"Did he not attend Barber College for four years, only to fail in shear?"

"Was he not a student of Oriental Theology? Yea, even so, yet did he fail in bending."

"Yea, and today is my client bankrupt; for though his wife hath endeavoured to teach him to pinch pennies, yet is he weak in compression."

"And his wife in her wrath did thrust him even into the Hydro wires, and he did escape with the loss of his socks; and the stench of their roasting did rise even unto the nostrils of the boarder in the third floor back, for their strength in tension was exceeding high, even higher than his."

"Yea, though against this man have there been many base accusations, yet will he pass the acid test. My Lord Judge, whose bony thumb doth press so firmly against one pan of the Scales of Justice, the Defense doth rest even its case."

And straightaway was there a great crash, as of twelve Labatts smiting the dusty floor of the Hall of Justice.

And the Judge did rise from his seat with a sound as of rusty door, and did stand there in simple majesty (for was his grandfather not King Rufus the Foolish?), and the tears of sympathy did course down his furrowed cheeks, and he did raise his wrinkled socks and his quavering voice, and he spake:

"Verily, thou hast had a dirty deal. Thou hast indeed learned that Grime Does Not Pay. And therefore do I have for thee a suspended sentence. ... I do sentence thee to be suspended by the neck for a season, even until thou art dead."

RAVIN'

Once upon a midday dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
In the class laboratory, idly tracing some old set;
As I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of something gently rapping—rapping in my superhiet.
Ah—I sharply recollect it came so fast I'd ne'er expect it,
But I quickly did detect it—and began to trouble shoot.
Took my faithful long-nosed pipit, poked into my amplifier,
Deftly pulled upon a wire—one, or two—or four—
Then spent ten minutes praying, heard myself quite softly saying
"Quoth the speaker: 'Nevermore!'"

Stunned and filled with indignation, I withdrew in consternation
As the mystic oscillation kept on drumming in my ears
"Stray capacitance!" I muttered, but the word was hardly uttered
When the speaker coughed and stuttered—adding greatly to my fears
"Either this, or else distortion!" So quickly seized a portion
Of my set, and threw all caution out the door—
With a swiftly mounting fever and the patience of a beaver
Swore I'd fix that damned receiver.
Quoth the speaker: "Nevermore!"

Now I looked up rather smartly, thought I had the answer, partly,
For it was my shunt-feed Hartley that was troubling me—I guessed.
Though my head was getting denser, and my nerves were growing tenser
I adjusted my condenser—'til the resonance seemed best.
Then I studied my detector, and my hand-pass preselector
And adjusted my rejector—and I swore
With my tubes in operation, and enough regeneration
Quoth the speaker: "Nevermore!"

"Beast!" I cried "You thing of evil! Weird contraption of the devil,
Why do you delight and revel in this torture of my mind?
I've examined all your stages, pondered o'er Chirard's pages,
But my brain is not a sage—and your trouble I can't find!
So I spoke, and, having spoken, realized the set was broken,
So I put an R.F. choke in and I waited as before
But my R.F. wave was fated to remain unmodulated
And I only heard the hated,
Cursed chant of "Nevermore!"

Hours of this, and then rested; but I had not yet been bested,
So I rose and wisely tested for my continuity.
Since my grid was influential in controlling plate potential
I examined each essential of my complex a.v.c.
But, alas, it's two week's later, and my problem now is greater,
For my wretched oscillator now is like a lion's roar.
Tell me, though I've great ambition, will I e'er win recognition
As a radio technician?
Ah—You said it—"Nevermore!"

Touring Senior Mechanics Visit Hamilton & Decew

The gentlemen of Mechanical 570 have been busy in recent weeks, with field trips to Hamilton, Clarkson, and Queenston-DeCew. The trip to Hamilton Foundries was one of outstanding interest, where the process of steel-making was shown in operation from the feeding of cupolas with pig and scrap to the finished products coming from the molds. Various stages in the making of floor and pit molds were seen, and locomotive wheels were being poured at the time. The students were guests of the company for a lunch of turkey and trimmings.

The British-American refinery at Clarkson was visited the next day, and proved a most enlightening morning as the group was introduced to the actual business of practical refining. The Clarkson refinery was set in operation during the war and is primarily a lubricating oil producer. Extreme temperatures and pressures were shown to be an essential part of the extraction process, which is carried out largely by remote control. Clarkson receives its crude oil from the Illinois fields and a modern laboratory is used to maintain constant quality control of their products.

The tour of Ontario Hydro's mighty Queenston-Chippawa power plant was of considerable immediate significance, and the party was fortunate to see one of Queenston's ten 5,500 horsepower giants disassembled for regular overhaul. The monstrous size of the water turbines and generators was most impressive. From Queenston the tour proceeded to DeCew Falls where the two turbo-generators comprising the new DeCew Falls station were seen. The high-tension transformers and switchgear are located outside the station, whereas at Queenston they are within the station building. At DeCew Falls the old power station, installed about forty-five years ago, has nine generators whose total power is less than one of Queenston's generators. This visit served to emphasize the magnitude and gravity of Hydro's operations, and give some understanding of their problems.

There once was a girl from Valetta,
Who liked to be seen in a sweat;
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad,
But the other two reasons were better.

There was a young man from Calcutta
Who coated his tonsils with butter
Thus converting his snore
From a thunderous roar
To a soft oleaginous mutter.

For the TIME of your LIFE, see
AL HEISEY, HUDSON 0358, for
magazine subscriptions.

1066 AND ALL THAT

570 will have a warm-up for the Grad Ball in the form of another year dance to be held at the Palace Pier on the evening of Thursday, January 12th, starting at 9:00 P.M.

Ellis McLintock's Orchestra will be supplying the music and some special entertainment is being planned by the executive for the intermission. This will be a fine chance to get over those post-exam blues which recur twice each year and at the same time time get in shape for the School-At-Home and Grad Ball.

There will be a limited number of year cards available in the stores, since it has been decided not to join with the alumni for this dance. The cost of the year cards has been reduced to \$3 with \$2 of that sum going to the Grad Ball Fund.

The wise fourth year type will be out making arrangements for his tails at one of the local tail shops early in the new year so that he will not be forced to attend the Grad Ball in one of the BVD Company's latest drop seat models. Arrangements for the Grad Ball are proceeding apace and the Fifth Year Architects have decided to join in making the 570 edition of the Grad Ball one worthy of the end of the half-century.

The fourth year also wish the "Grand Old Man of SPS", Bill Walker, a speedy recovery from his latest bout with the scalpel, and would like to warn the nurses at Sunnybrook that he is surprisingly active in his age so that they may govern themselves accordingly.

Burning Question

To cook, or not to cook, that is the question
Whether it is nobler in the lab to suffer
The shafts of criticism redly pencilled
Which yea our whole reports incarnadine
Making the green sea red...

Or shall we, by some variable constant
Some juggling with the slip-stick's glossy cursor,
Some light, discerned, involved approximation
Have all seem right.

If, when it's done, 'twere done, 'twere best done quickly.
The time between the experiment and the write-up
Is dreadful made with divers calculations.
As constants, formulae, and great equations
Pass through the maddened brain. These many handbooks
Are all turned through, and chaos sans relief
Reigns in the bookshelf.

I am sure that you will be glad to know that, in the end virtue triumphed and the actual results of the lab which made $g = 12345.67$ foot pounds per century squared were entered.